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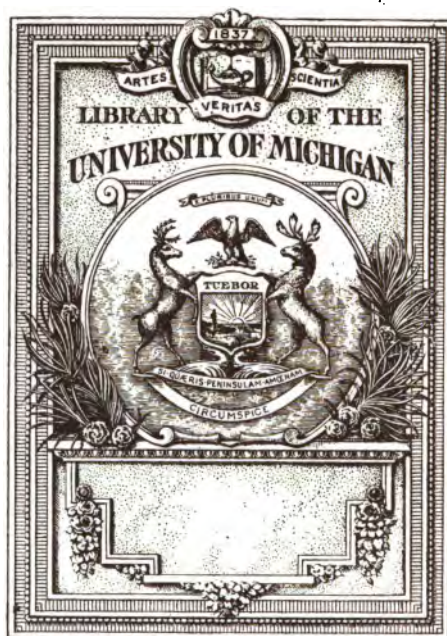
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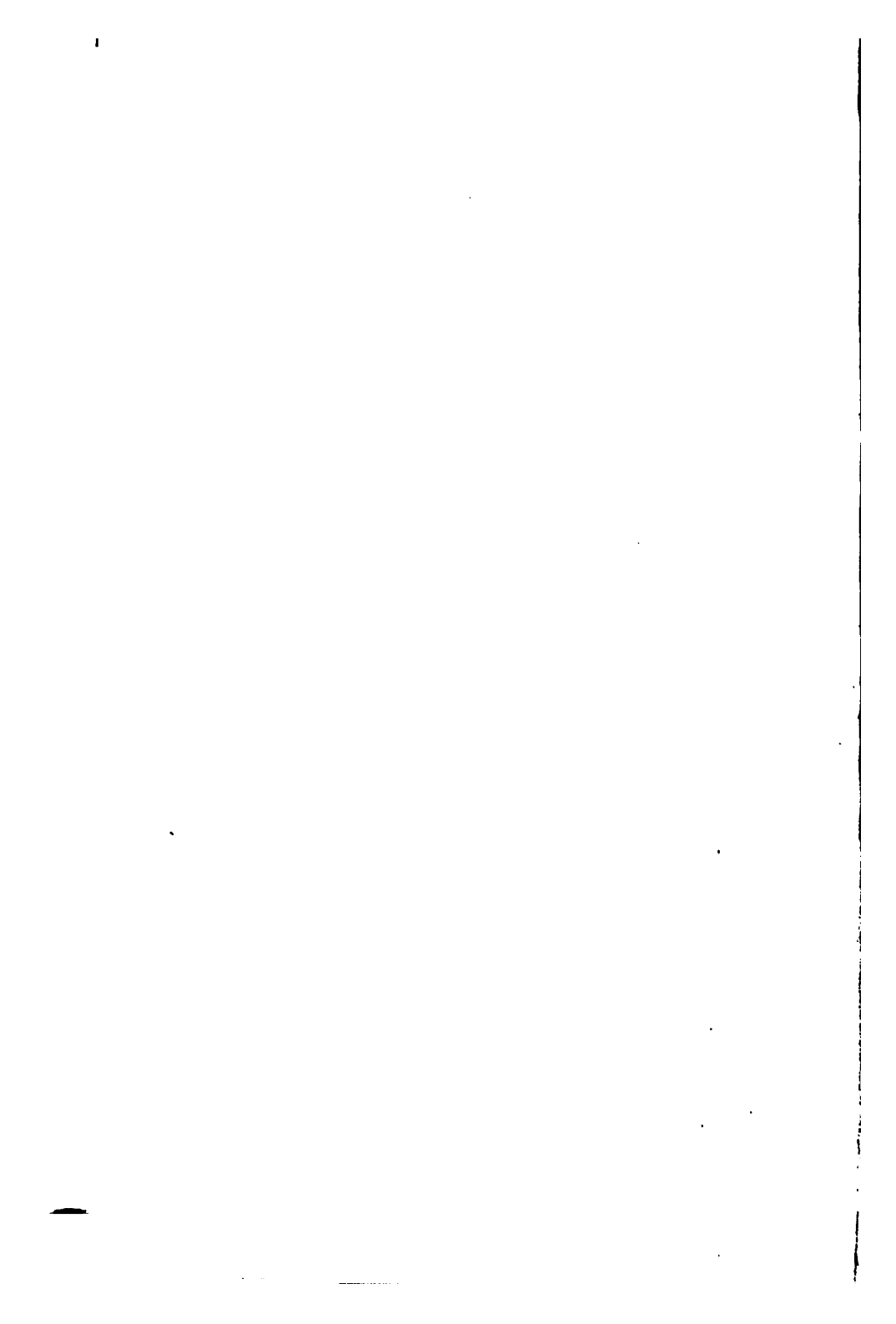
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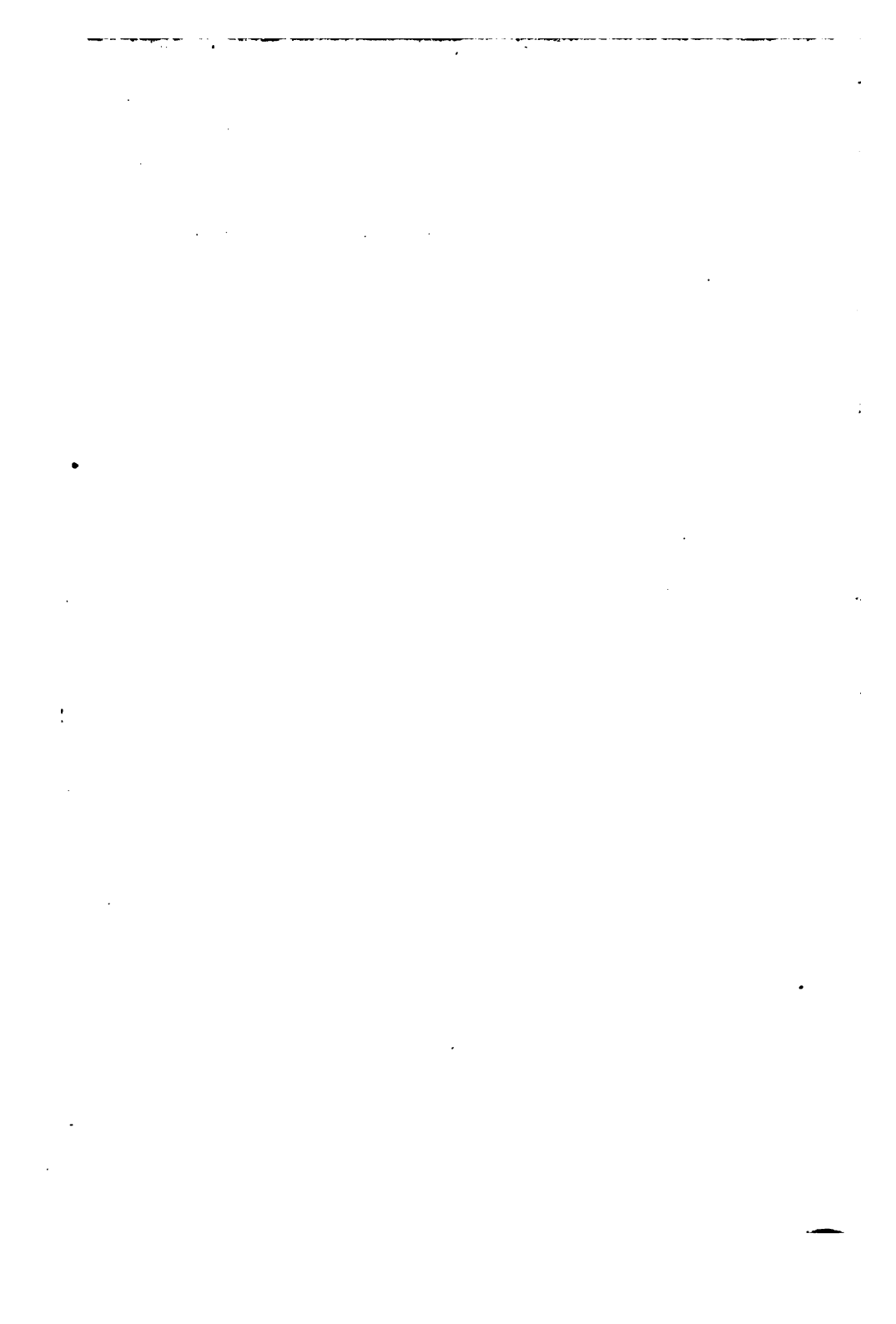
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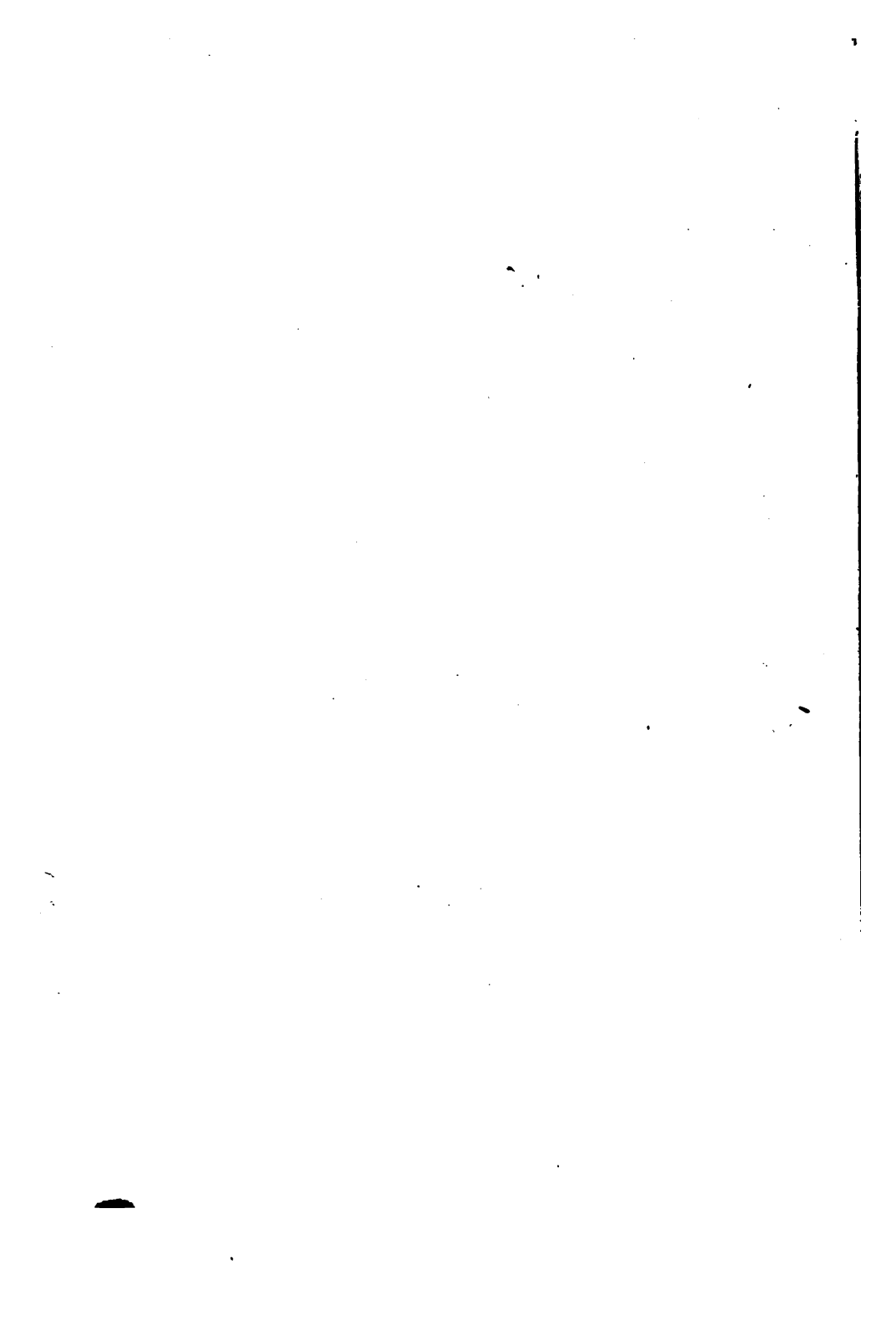
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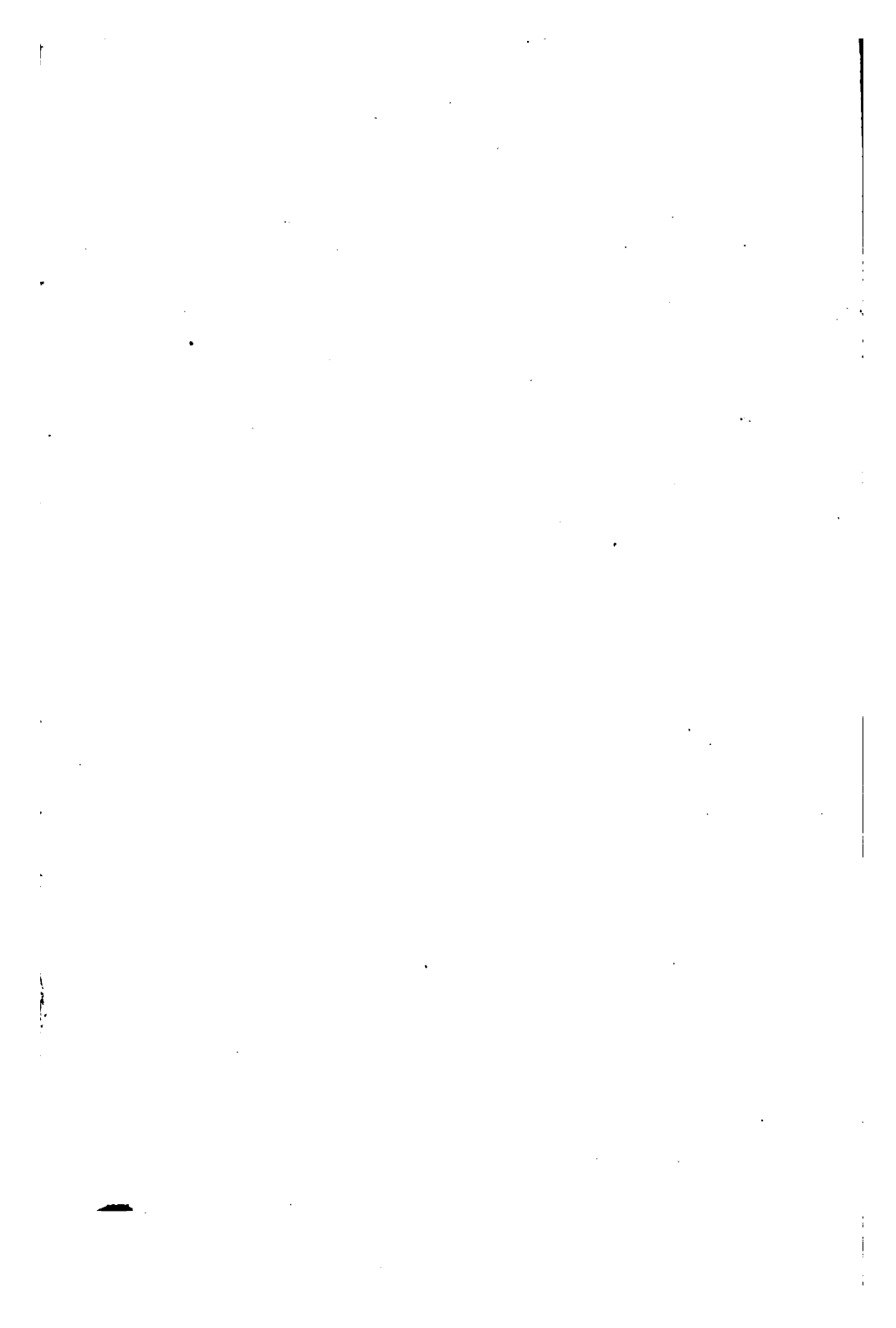




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*Greystone and Porphyry*

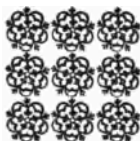
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*GREYSTONE*  
*AND*  
*PORPHYRY*

*By*  
*Harry Thurston Peck*



*New York*  
*Dodd, Mead & Company*  
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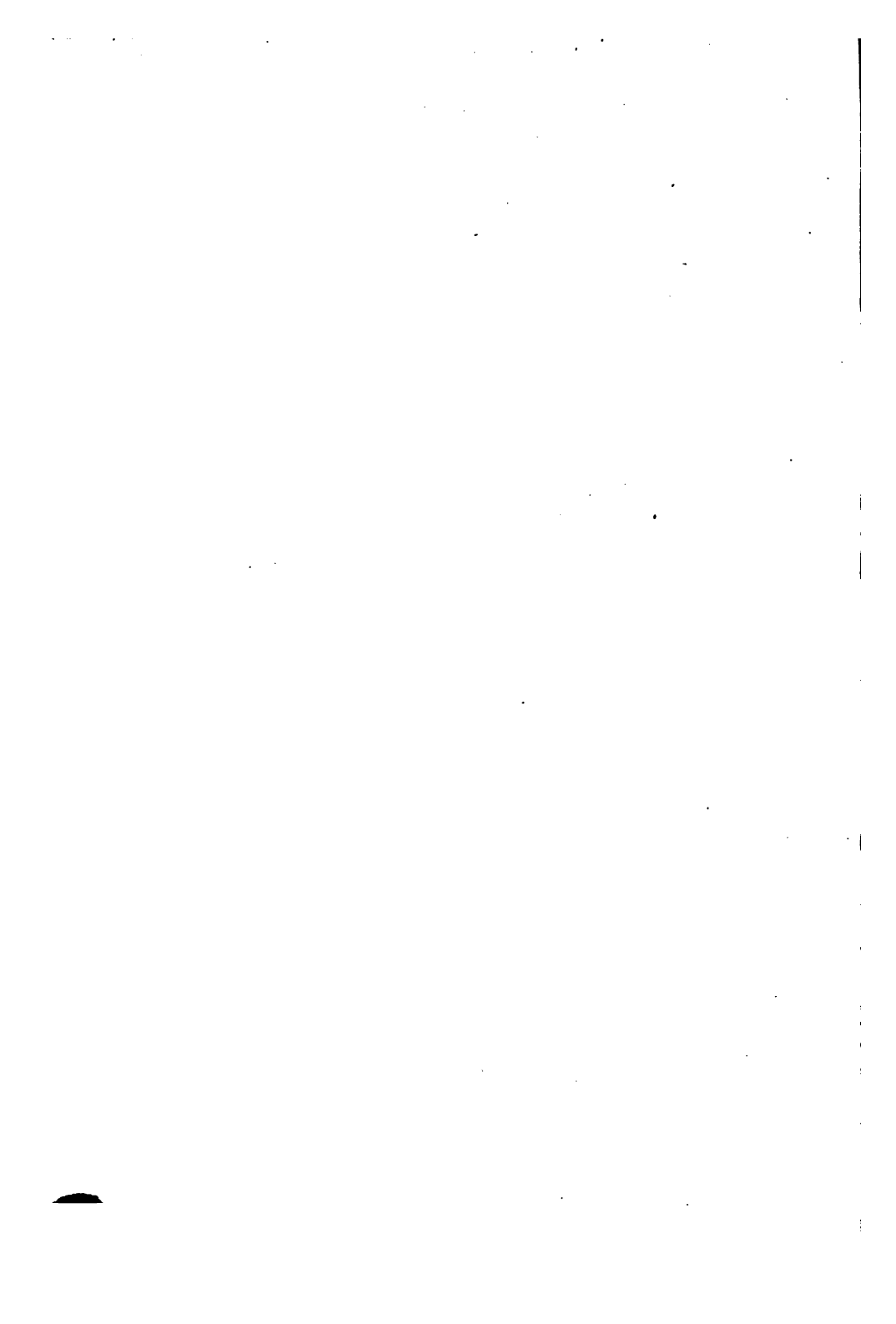


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## CONTENTS.

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	Page.
<i>Victor And Vanquished</i> . . . . .	9
<i>Heliotrope</i> . . . . .	12
<i>Wonderland</i> . . . . .	15
<i>Roma Recentiorum</i> . . . . .	17
<i>Evolution</i> . . . . .	20
<i>Unter den Linden</i> . . . . .	22
<i>Otto von Bismarck</i> . . . . .	26
<i>Jefferson Davis</i> . . . . .	29
<i>Immemor</i> . . . . .	30
<i>Charm</i> . . . . .	31
<i>Tantalus</i> . . . . .	32
<i>Love and Doubt</i> . . . . .	35
<i>Love, It is Night</i> . . . . .	38
<i>The Red and The White</i> . . . . .	40
<i>The Other One</i> . . . . .	41
<i>Sub Noctem</i> . . . . .	43
<i>In Aeternum</i> . . . . .	44
<i>Money</i> . . . . .	46



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## *Victor and Vanquished*

---

### I.

\*\*\*\*\*THROUGH the crowded streets return-  
\* T \* ing, at the ending of the day,  
\*\*\*\*\* Hastened one whom all saluted as he  
sped along his way;  
In his eye a gleam of triumph, in his heart a  
joy sincere,  
And the voice of shouting thousands still re-  
sounding in his ear.  
Passed he 'neath a stately archway toward the  
goal of his desire,  
Till he saw a woman's figure lolling idly by the  
fire.

"I have won!" he cried, exultant; "I have saved  
a cause from wreck,  
Crushed the rival that I dreaded, set my foot  
upon his neck!  
Now at last the way is open, now at last men  
call me great,  
I am leader of the leaders, I am master in the  
State!"  
Languidly she turned to listen with a decorous  
pretence,  
And her cold patrician features mirrored forth  
indifference.

"Men are always scheming, striving, for some petty end," said she:  
Then, a little yawn suppressing, "What is all of this to me?"

## II.

Through the shadows of the evening, as they  
quenched the sunset glow,  
Came the other, faring homeward with dejected  
step and slow;  
Wistful, peering through the darkness, till he  
saw, as oft before,  
Where a woman stood impatient at the thresh-  
old of the door.  
"I have lost!" he faltered faintly. "All is over"  
—with a groan;  
Then he paused and gazed expectant at the face  
beside his own.  
Two soft eyes were turned upon him with a  
woman's tenderness,  
Two white arms were flung about him with a  
passionate caress,  
And a voice of thrilling music to his mutely  
uttered plea  
Said, "If only you are with me, what is all the  
rest to me?"

## III.

All night long the people's leader sat in silence  
and alone,

Dull of eye, with brain unthinking, for his heart  
had turned to stone;  
While the hours passed all unheeded till the  
hush of night had ceased  
And the haggard light, returning, flecked the  
melancholy East.

But the other, the defeated, laughed a laugh of  
merriment,  
And he thrust his cares behind him with an in-  
finite content,  
Recking not of place and power and the smiles  
of those above,  
For his darkness was illumined by the radiance  
of love.

Each had grasped the gift of fortune, each had  
counted up the cost;  
And the vanquished was the victor, and the  
winner he that lost.

---

## *Heliotrope*

---

\*\*\*MID the chapel's chequered gloom  
\*A\* She laughed with Dora and with  
\*\*\* Flora,  
And chattered in the lecture-room—  
That saucy little sophomora!  
Yet while, as in her other schools,  
She was a privileged transgressor,  
She never broke the simple rules  
Of one particular professor.

But when he spoke of varied lore,  
Paroxytones and modes potential,  
She listened with a face that wore  
A look half fond, half reverential.  
To her, that earnest voice was sweet,  
And, though her love had no confessor,  
Her girlish heart lay at the feet  
Of that particular professor.

And he had learned, among his books  
That held the lore of ages olden,  
To watch those ever-changing looks,  
The wistful eyes, the tresses golden,  
That stirred his pulse with passion's pain  
And thrilled his soul with soft desire,  
And bade fond youth return again,  
Crowned with its coronet of fire.



Her sunny smile, her winsome ways,  
Were more to him than all his knowledge,  
And she preferred his words of praise  
To all the honours of the college.

Yet "What am foolish I to him?"

She whispered to her heart's confessor.

"She thinks me old and grey and grim,"

In silence pondered the professor.

Yet once when Christmas bells were rung  
Above ten thousand solemn churches,  
And swelling anthems grandly sung  
Pealed through the dim cathedral arches;  
Ere home returning, filled with hope,  
Softly she stole by gate and gable,  
And a sweet spray of heliotrope  
Left on his littered study table.

Nor came she more from day to day  
Like sunshine through the shadows rifted:  
Above her grave, far, far away,  
The ever-silent snows were drifting;  
And those who mourned her winsome face  
Found in its stead a swift successor  
And loved another in her place—  
All, save the silent old professor.

But, in the tender twilight grey,  
Shut from the sight of carping critic,  
His lonely thoughts would often stray  
From Vedic verse and tongues Semitic,  
Bidding the ghost of vanished hope

Mock with its past the sad possessor  
Of the dead spray of heliotrope  
That once she gave the old professor.

---

## *Wonderland*

---

### I.

\*\*\*\*\*WEET eyes by sorrow still unwet,  
\*S\* To you the world is radiant yet,  
\*\*\*\*\* A palace-hall of splendid truth  
Touched by the golden haze of youth,  
Where hopes and joys are ever rife  
Amid the mystery of life;  
And seeking all to understand,  
The world to you is Wonderland.

### II.

I turn and watch with unshed tears  
The furrowed track of ended years;  
I see the eager hopes that wane,  
The joys that die in deathless pain,  
The coward Faith that falsehoods shake,  
The souls that faint, the hearts that break,  
The Truth by livid lips bemoaned,  
The Right defiled, the Wrong enthroned,—  
And, striving still to understand,  
The world to me is Wonderland.

### III.

A little time, then by and by  
The puzzled thought itself shall die.  
When, like the throb of distant drums,  
The call inevitable comes  
To blurring brain and weary limb,

And when the aching eyes grow dim,  
And fast the gathering shadows creep  
To lull the drowsy sense asleep,  
We two shall slumber hand in hand  
To wake, perhaps, in Wonderland.

---

## *Roma Recentiorum*

---

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\* S \*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

STRANGE blending of the old and new,  
Of all that men have thought and done,  
The right, the wrong, the false, the true,

The past, the present, all in one.  
Here sleep the mighty pagan dead  
Where now stands forth the crucifer,  
And many a temple rears its head  
To tell of Christ and Jupiter.

Where once, before the naked Gaul,  
Rome's infant power swayed and shook,  
Here, on the stately Capitol  
Now swarm the hordes of Mr. Cook;  
While, gazing down the Sacred Way  
By hoary Vesta's ruined wall,  
The cockney tourist chirps to-day  
His ditty of the music-hall.

Where Claudia mocked the rabble rout  
And laughed its helpless rage to see,  
Now giggles as she flits about  
Some pert-faced minx from Chicopee;  
And where great Cæsar passed in state  
And where Catullus kept his tryst,  
Now potters with uncertain gait  
The blear-eyed archæologist.

Here, too, one time, the pallid nuns  
Called on the saints with timorous trust,

While from the hills the ape-faced Huns  
Grinned with the joy of blood and lust.  
Now, though the Roman maids no more  
The fierce barbaric host expect,  
Their hapless city quails before  
The modern Hun—the architect.

Builder and tourist, Hun and Gaul,  
Like flies in some stupendous dome  
Flit harmless by; not one nor all  
Can mar thy majesty, O Rome!  
They come, they go, they pass away,  
While still undimmed thy splendours  
shine;  
To them belongs the fleeting day,  
But all the centuries are thine.

To see at dawn the hills of Rome  
Ablaze with gold and amethyst;  
To watch Saint Peter's distant dome  
Swim in the evening's silver mist—  
This draws aside a curtain vast,  
And, as the kingly dead appear,  
The murmuring pulses of the past  
Reveal the heart of History here.

For Age transmuted into Youth  
Dwells on this consecrated spot;  
Here speaks from God the voice of Truth,  
Here lives the Faith that changes not.

The world's desire, the nation's dower,  
Find here their one eternal home—  
Glory and grace and deathless power,  
Blent in the mighty name of Rome!

---

## *Evolution*

---

### I.

◆◆◆◆ DROWSY day when all things yield  
◆ O Submission to the summer's heat,  
◆◆◆◆ When the warm wind blows o'er the field  
And ripples in the lush buckwheat!  
A wonted sight it seems to be,  
Yet in that swaying emerald lake  
The poet's eye may soothly see  
Thy genesis, O buckwheat cake!

### II.

The hoar-frost whitens all the glade  
And chill shines out the wintry moon;  
Within, a dainty Yankee maid  
Is stirring batter with a spoon.  
The ruddy fire with cheerful sound  
Leaps through the logs of crackling fir,  
While round and round and round and  
round  
The slim white fingers stir and stir,  
Until with every ancient form  
She finishes the mystic rite;  
Then sets the batter snug and warm  
Beside the embers for the night.  
Now let the Lar, if such there be,  
Watch well the hearth till day shall break,



Since in that modest pan we see  
Thy chrysalis, O buckwheat cake!

III.

Fresh from the griddle's warm embrace  
It smokes before the ravished sight,  
A dash of Indian in its face,  
All golden brown, all liquid light,  
While from a hundred tiny cells  
The syrup glints in amber foam,  
And forth the melting butter wells  
As honey oozing from the comb.  
Each morsel, like a Hourí's kiss,  
Melts at the lips a fairy flake  
To grace thine apothéosis,  
Ambrosial vision—buckwheat cake!

---

## *Unter den Linden*

---

1890

HE rays of waning sunlight steal  
T Along the overhanging eaves;  
The awnings droop and scarcely feel  
The wind that stirs the linden leaves;  
And here the curious strangers try  
To wile away an idle hour,  
And watch the crowd that surges by  
All day before the Café Bauer.

Not all unmoved can one abide  
And with a careless heart survey  
This city of imperial pride,  
Where men make history to-day;  
Here is no idle pleasure-mart  
To witch the fancy of an hour;  
Here throbs a nation's living heart,  
Here beats the pulse of conscious power.

On every side, displayed afar,  
Flung out with martial blazonry,  
Are symbols of successful war,  
While he who looks can ever see  
Behind the veil that Peace has spread,  
The banners of a mighty camp,  
Can hear above the hum of trade  
The gathering armies' ceaseless tramp.

And suddenly, with naught to show  
What stilled the tongue and checked the feet,  
As when a wind has ceased to blow,  
A hush comes o'er the busy street;  
A bugle sounds; and in reply  
Rolls forth a distant storm of drums;  
Then down the Linden runs the cry:  
"The Kaiser comes! The Kaiser comes!"

Cold eyes, set lips, a restless glance  
That wanders in uneasy quest,  
With looks that like a living lance  
Blaze from beneath the helmet-crest;  
Upon that face as on a page  
Has nature stamped with cruel truth  
The heartlessness of cynic age,  
The reckless insolence of youth.

What morbid motive half defined,  
What æstrus-thought that stings and stays,  
Goads on his restless, brooding mind—  
This sceptred Sphinx of modern days?  
Is it ambition's poisoned wine—  
The throb, perchance, of ceaseless pain—  
The spark of genius half divine—  
The burning of a madman's brain?

And this is he whose sword and pen  
All Europe eyes with bated breath,  
Whose word can arm a million men,  
Whose nod can hurl them on to death:

A nation's life, a nation's ease,  
The honour of a nation's name,  
The awful fates of war and peace,  
All centred in a single frame.

O type of all the dreadful past  
When birth made brutes the lords of brain!  
When Hope stood naked to the blast,  
And cowering Freedom clanked her chain!  
Thou art the last of all the line  
Of them that set with lordly beck  
The ruthless heel of right divine  
Forever on a nation's neck!

Yet thus, perchance, must victors pay  
The price that War has sternly set;  
The while, ere Peace returns to stay,  
There looms a conflict mightier yet  
Than that which burst in years before  
When German unity awoke  
Saluted by the cannon's roar  
Amid the mists of battle-smoke.

To scourge the land with sword and flame  
The northern Cossack grimly waits;  
The Dane remembers Düppel's shame,  
The Austrian broods o'er Königgrätz;  
While on the hills of fair Lorraine  
That front the slopes of Vendenheim—  
A tiger with a slender chain—  
The Gallic foeman bides his time.

Stout-hearted sons of Fatherland!  
Who kneel to God but face the foe,  
And side by side together stand  
To sing the song of long ago  
That, rising from a myriad throats,  
A nation's battle-hymn divine,  
Thrills on the ear like bugle notes:  
"Fest steht und treu die Wacht am  
Rhein!"

Such thoughts the musing fancy weaves  
Throughout the drowsy summer day,  
While glints the sunlight on the eaves  
Along the Linden's stately way  
Where still the curious strangers try  
To wile away an idle hour,  
And watch the crowd that surges by  
All day before the Café Bauer.

---

## *Otto Von Bismarck*

---

\*\*\*\*\*HESE are gray days for kings and for  
\*T\* the art  
\*\*\*\*\* Of them that fawn and follow in their  
train;

Men are to-day grown serious of heart,  
And watch with naught but tolerant disdain  
The purpled puppets prank their little part,  
Content to rule no more if left to reign.

Yet there are sovereigns still, uncrowned, who  
sway

The lives of nations with imperious nod—  
Kings of the mind whom other kings obey,  
Sue for their aid and kiss their chastening  
rod;

Such have we still among us e'en to-day—  
Monarchs anointed by the hand of God!

O hero soul, from mortal sight now flown,  
Who fearedst naught save only might divine,  
Not in the German fatherland alone,

On storied heights and by the rippling Rhine,  
But wheresoe'er the German name is known,  
Such power to stir the souls of men was  
thine.

The mild old man whose ill-defended throne  
Found thee a champion unbribed, unbought—

Not his, but thine the wisdom which, unknown,  
Met craft with craft and plot with counter-  
plot,

Thou saw'st the goal and followedst it alone  
When thine own kinsmen cursed thee, seeing  
not.

Not his but thine the grand imperial dream,  
To rear an empire out of nothingness;  
Not his but thine through anxious years to  
scheme;  
Not his but thine the strain, the storm, the  
stress—

And, in the hour of victory supreme,  
Not his but thine the splendour of success.

When, at the last, the foe that blocked thy path,  
Baffled and beaten in each dark design,  
Dropped his poor mask to draw the sword of  
Gath,

Then thy right hand against his power  
malign,  
Loosing the lightnings of a nation's wrath,  
Flung the impetuous legions o'er the Rhine!

Then came the shock of conflict and the roar  
Of black-lipped cannon and the flaming  
breath

Hot from the hell of battle—such before  
War's grim recorder ne'er remembereth;  
While the gashed earth drank greedily of gore  
And swooned and sickened at the taste of death.

And the fair sinful city on her height,  
Mirth's chosen home, the capital of Lust,  
Ceased from her mockery and in affright  
Watched thy stern host against her rabble  
thrust,

Till the gay wanton of a world's delight  
Trailed her lascivious tresses in the dust.

Maker of monarchs! Statelier than Rome,  
Stands a great empire heralding thy name;  
While German hearts in every German home  
Cherish the deeds with loyal love aflame,  
That, like the stars in Heaven's majestic dome,  
Blaze in the boundless firmament of fame!



---

*Jefferson Davis*

---

1889

\*\*\*\*\*O paltry promptings of unglutted hate  
\*N\* The Nation feels for him who erst  
\*\*\*\*\* assailed  
Her life, and strove against the will of fate  
    To found an Empire and destroy a State.  
She stands to-day magnificently mailed  
    In loyal love, too gloriously great  
For thought of vengeance that were all too late.  
And he whose death her sons would once have  
    hailed  
    With joy, now slinks through dark Oblivion's  
    gate,  
With this his epitaph: When others quailed,  
    He staked his all upon one cast of fate  
And lost—and lived to know that he had failed!

---

## *Immemor*

---

♦♦♦♦ STOOD beside the sleeping sea  
♦♦ I ♦♦ Whose waters murmured drowsily,  
♦♦♦♦ And Night, behind her dusky bars,  
Looked through the lattice-work of stars.

Then she I loved was by my side  
And all the world seemed glorified

When, stooping down, with dainty hand  
My name she traced upon the sand,

And said that so Love's magic art  
That name had graven on her heart.

Slow crept the waves along the sand,  
Soft lapped the waters on the land,

Till all her work of love and pride  
Was lost beneath the swelling tide.

. . . . .  
To-night I walk the shore alone  
And, thinking of the years long flown,  
Recall the tide of time that came  
And blotted from her heart my name.

---

## *Charm.*

---

\*\*\*HARM, like the fragrance of some  
\*C\* wondrous wine,  
\*\*\* All can enjoy yet none can quite define.  
Not Wit, not Grace. not Beauty so enthrall—  
Blended of these, yet greater than them all.

For Grace and Beauty ravish but the eyes ;  
Wit stirs the mind and then its newness dies ;  
But Charm, unique, a rare and radiant whole,  
Witches alike the senses and the soul.

---

## *Tantalus*

---

EEP the dusk of the darkened room,  
D Touched with a sombre tinge of gloom.  
Curtained window and hooded wall  
Prison the silence of evenfall;  
While, from the hearthstone's ample pyre,  
Thin red flames of the sea-coal fire  
Pierce through the wreathing rings of smoke  
To gleam on the panels of polished oak.

Over the hearth, with a dreamy air,  
Bends a form that is brooding there;  
One who reads in the heart of flame,  
Changing ever yet still the same,  
All the tale of an ended strife,  
All the years of a happy life;  
Years of the past that have gone before,  
Years that the future holds in store,  
Blazing there in their frame of night,  
Written in letters of lambent light.

First in the pictured past he sees  
Plenty and peace and fruitful ease;  
Labour crowned with a swift success  
Free from the taint of bitterness;  
Friends whose truth he has learned of old,—  
Faithful friends with the heart of gold;  
And men have praised and women have smiled,  
He has heard the laugh of a loving child,

And never a sky is overcast  
In the sunlit years of the pictured past.

Flames the fire; it glints and glows  
Red as the heart of a royal rose.  
Then the path of the coming years  
Bright in the blazing fire appears.  
Still the tale of a conquered fate,  
Still the promise of guerdon great:  
Fortune's favour that giveth all;  
Gold that gleams at the master's call;  
Honour and health and hope unroll  
Written large in the flaming scroll,  
Till at the last he sees his name  
Touched by the spark that men call Fame.

Just for a moment he stirs—and then,  
Bending over the fire again,  
Seeks and finds in the fateful coal  
The hidden thought of his secret soul.  
Clear and true in its subtle grace  
Glow the curve of a woman's face,  
Fringed with tresses in silken strands,  
And lightly leant on a woman's hands.

Leaps his heart and his pulses swell  
At the haunting charm that he knows so well—  
Eyes that promise and then deny,  
Wake desire and bid it die.  
Lips whose kiss it were all to win,  
Sweet as the savour of secret sin,

And hands that were made so slim and white,  
To beckon a lover through the night.

Long he looks on the scorching scroll,  
Looks and longs with a yearning soul;  
Looks till the red pales into grey,  
Looks till the picture fades away  
And his aching eyes with a mist are dim,  
For well does he know they are not for him.

Not for him is the sweet surprise  
That lures and laughs in the slumbrous eyes,  
Not for him is the loosened tress,  
Not for him is the long caress,  
And the warm white hands and the fingers slim  
That thrill with a touch are not for him.

Thus, though the past is flushed with light,  
Though the future shines with a promise bright,  
His heart is stilled by a sudden pain,  
Past and Present and Future wane,  
And all would he give for the hope within  
Of that which he sought and failed to win.

Deepens the dusk : the sea-coals burn ;  
Into a dull grey ash they turn.  
One by one each crimson eye  
Dies in the dark as passions die ;  
Till, when only an after-glow,  
Fades and falls to a fitful gleam,  
What is left of the vanished dream ?  
Only the throb of a dumb desire  
And the flickering flame of the failing fire.

---

## *Love and Doubt*

---

\*\*\*\*\*HUN radiant Love and bar him out  
\* S \* If he come hand in hand with Doubt.  
\*\*\*\*\* Doubt is the bastard of a line  
Half sprung from hell and half divine;  
With silent tread, a subtle thief  
Who smiles to simulate Belief,  
While through his words there seems to steal  
The jealous hate that bastards feel,  
Whose serpent-thought the secret knows  
To mar each gift that Love bestows.

O, glad young Love! with royal air  
He bids the lover banish care  
In that unfettered mighty mirth,  
The elemental joy of earth,  
From Hope and measureless Content  
And Faith triumphant born and blent—  
But Doubt speaks slowly in the ear,  
And what was laughter ends—a sneer.

Love arms the soul with kingly power,  
His noblest gift, his richest dower;  
A splendid courage frank and free,  
The heart's imperial chivalry  
That fronts the world and scorns the mean,  
Unshaken, confident, serene—  
But Doubt just whispers of disgrace,  
And lo! a coward, false and base.

And Love refines the thoughts of sense,  
Keeps sweet the soul of innocence,  
And thinks no ill, but dares to see  
In passion only purity,  
When heart meets heart and fear is done,  
And both are blended into one.  
Yet Doubt but breathes upon a name,  
And all is seared and scarred with shame.

Love's are the gifts that pass away;  
Doubt's are the wounds that stain and stay.  
Who doubts has vainly asked and heard  
A million times the answering word.  
Vain is the suppliant distress,  
The cry of pleading tenderness,  
The longing look, the wild appeal,  
The tears that only one can feel.  
For Love sweeps by on lightsome wing  
While Doubt remains to search and sting;  
Love comes the first, and first is past,  
But Doubt still lingers to the last.

Shun radiant Love and bar him out  
If he come hand in hand with Doubt.  
The eyes suffused with answering fire,  
The lips that echo each desire,  
The burning hands that cling and press,  
The arms that yield the last caress—  
These Doubt can turn to poisoned dust  
If Truth be lost, and Faith and Trust.  
For, at the end, the sinking heart



Feels Love and Doubt alike depart;  
And, through the crypt of passion's tomb,  
Murked in the mists of monstrous gloom,  
Sees peering forth with vacant stare  
The haggard eyes of wan Despair.

---

## *Love, It is Night*

---

◆◆◆◆IMMED into dusk the flame-clouds dis-  
◆◆◆◆D◆◆◆◆ appear,  
◆◆◆◆ The homing bird sweeps low in  
circling flight,  
And distant bells come faintly to the ear—  
Love, it is night.

Now that the world is hushed in sombre grey,  
Stand not apart nor shut me from your sight;  
One little word is all I have to say—  
Love, it is night.

Only a year—a year that seemed a life—  
Wonderful love, too great for us to bear!  
I loved too much and love became a strife,  
A fierce despair.

I was unkind—poor fool! I could not see  
All of the truth and tenderness divine  
Given so gladly, given so to me  
That all was mine.

Doubting forever in my cynic soul,  
Ruthless I wrecked your faith, your hope,  
your trust;  
Doomed them to death and sought the fated  
goal  
With coward thrust;

Till at the last I wore the joy away,  
Taught you the lesson of my own unrest,  
Sinned against love so often that to-day  
All is confessed.

This is the end? Dear heart, it may be so:  
Wounded so often have you learned despair?  
Yielding so often have you ceased to know,  
To feel, to care?

Yet it is night, the hour when love is strong,  
When soft remembrance thrills again the  
heart,  
And tells of pardon for the deepest wrong—  
Must we then part?

I dare not seek once more the answering kiss;  
I dare not claim once more the lover's right;  
But, bending low, I whisper only this—  
Love, it is night.

---

## *The Red and the White*

---

◆◆◆◆ CLUSTERED roses in your emerald  
◆ O ◆ nest,

◆◆◆◆ Margined with moss and dappled with  
the dew,

By woodland winds no more to be caressed,  
When, as you lie upon the earth's soft breast,  
Some careless hand shall cull you out anew.

Perchance to-night the rich red Jacqueminot  
Shall lend its beauty to some love of mine,  
And loosely twined amid her locks shall glow  
Where languorous music, rhythmically slow,  
That thrills the ear with harmony divine  
Pulsates and splashes in a sensuous flow.

And thou, with petals like the rifted snow,  
And soft suggestion in thy dewy breath,  
To-night, held fast in some cold hand shalt go  
To share the mourner's lonely watch with  
Death,  
And yield thy fragrance as a balm for woe.

---

## *The Other One*

---

\*\*\*\*\*WEET little maid with winsome eyes  
\* S \* That laugh all day through the tangled  
\* \* \* hair;

Gazing with baby looks so wise  
Over the arm of the oaken chair,  
Dearer than you is none to me,  
Dearer than you there can be none;  
Since in your laughing face I see  
Eyes that tell of another one.

Here where the firelight softly glows,  
Sheltered and safe and snug and warm,  
What to you is the wind that blows,  
Driving the sleet of the winter storm?  
Round your head the ruddy light  
Glints on the gold from your tresses  
spun,  
But deep is the drifting snow to-night,  
Over the head of the other one.

Hold me close as you sagely stand,  
Watching the dying embers shine;  
Then shall I feel another hand  
That nestled once in this hand of mine;  
Poor little hand, so cold and chill,  
Shut from the light of stars and sun,  
Clasping the withered roses still  
That hide the face of the sleeping one.

Laugh, little maid, while laugh you may,  
Sorrow comes to us all, I know;  
Better perhaps for her to stay  
Under the robe of drifting snow.  
Sing while you may your baby songs,  
Sing till your baby days are done;  
But oh, the ache of the heart that longs  
Night and day for the other one!

---

## *Sub Noctem*

---

\*\*\*\*\*HERE used to be a simple song,  
\*T\* A relic of the days gone by,  
\*\*\*\*\* That in the years when we were young  
We sang together, you and I.  
It told of garden and of grove,  
Of blossoms bending on the bough,  
And light, and life, and woman's love—  
Alas, we never sing it now!

For then, responsive to the strain,  
Our hearts took up its minstrelsy,  
And echoed back the blithe refrain  
In all its mirthful melody.  
We sang it in a careless mood  
Beneath a sunny southern sky,  
While life still seemed supremely good—  
No more we sing it, you and I.

The youth that fanged its lines with fire,  
That youth has found in Time a tomb;  
While slow the lagging years expire  
Like embers glowing in the gloom:  
And now that life is nearly spent,  
And we are sitting here alone,  
Its music seems a dumb lament,  
And tears are trembling in its tone.

---

## *In Æternum*

---

\*\*\*\*\*HEN I was still a living man,  
\* W \* And ere the years of life we respent,  
\*\*\*\*\* My fearful fancy often ran  
On what would be my punishment.

For I had sinned as only few  
In human form have sinned as yet;  
And, though suspicion slept, I knew  
That God would wait and not forget.

This hideous form it seemed to take,  
That I was doomed where none could save  
To die yet not to die, but wake  
Amid the damps that fill the grave.

And oftentimes in fearful dreams,  
When all was dark and I was hid,  
I heard my own half-stifled screams  
From underneath the coffin-lid.

Five days ago life left its cell . . .  
Long, shuddering silence . . . then I knew  
That I had died, and oh, too well  
That all the dreadful dream was true!

Black darkness weighs my eyeballs down,  
The leaden coffin's close embrace  
Keeps pressing, like a devil's crown,  
The cere-cloth on a ghastly face.



I struggle hard to stir, to speak,  
To beg of Christ another fate,—  
To cry aloud, to curse, to shriek,  
To thrust away the leaden weight.

O depth of agony profound!  
No heart to break, no tear to shed,  
No tongue to voice the awful sound  
Of him who dies and is not dead:

But o'er and o'er and o'er and o'er  
I think of all the ill I did,  
That holds me down forevermore  
Beneath the leaden coffin-lid.

---

## Money

---

*A Study in Hexameter.*

L

\*\*\* HIS is a practical age and it longs for a  
\* T \* practical poet,  
\*\*\* One who will sing of the themes that  
are hot in the hearts of the toilers,  
Sing for the Utilitarians, sing for the Makers of  
Money.

Not in verses effeminate, honeyed with fanciful  
phrases,  
Not little nerveless lines that trickle in triolet  
measure,  
Roses and wreaths and raptures and love and  
lullaby-baby!  
He who pipes to the Age these songs of patches  
and powder,  
Wrapping some quaint conceit in verses pretty  
and pliant,  
Proffers poetical pap to a grim, carnivorous giant.  
No! but in good strong Saxon smacking of vim  
and of vigour,  
Rough sledgehammering lines that smite like  
strokes on an anvil,  
Sing of the coarse and the crude,—but wrench  
the heart of the hearer!

[ 46 ]

## II.

Where shall he seek for a theme who sings to  
the Men of the Present?

Where? when the world is full of themes that  
are waiting a singer?

Open your window and look,—then write, O  
pitiful poet!

Ay, but mark you only what all have seen and  
are seeing,

Things that appeal to the touch and the taste  
and the sight and the hearing,

Things that are common, ubiquitous, far from  
the quaint and the cryptic.

Not those sights unseen that only the eye of the  
artist

Views in a marvellous radiance born of the in-  
tellect's brooding,

Clothed with a beauty celestial and robed in an  
infinite splendour,

Flashed on the rapturous vision—lost in the  
moment of seeing;

Not those songs unsung whose faint melodious  
music

Thrills with a heavenly note in the sensitive  
soul of the poet,

Swelling, falling, dying—lost in the moment of  
hearing.

But if you tell of the country, avoid the unduly  
romantic,—

Rivulets rifting the hills in shafts of quivering  
silver,  
Blossoms that bower the earth with snows of  
odorous beauty—  
These have been done to death, their scent will  
sicken the reader.  
Rather remember the muck that reeks in the  
redolent barn-yard,  
Picture the loves of the bull, or holding fast to  
the human,  
Limn the sweating ploughman cursing his team  
in the furrow,  
Munching his bread and cheese at noon and  
woundily snorting  
Jests of unsavoury strength to the blowsy,  
snickering scullion.  
Or if you tell of the town, what a field for the  
bard dithyrambic!  
Palaces reared in pride that have watched that  
pride's dissolution,  
Dens where the heart of man grows foul with  
lust and corruption,  
Hovels where misery crouches in dull un-  
murmuring squalor,  
Gaunt black-chimneyed factories, looms and  
clattering spindles  
Spinning wealth for their lords and dank disease  
for the toilers,—  
Every street is a cycle and every house is an  
epic!

Calmly it views each day humanity's pitiless  
struggle,  
Ay, and its walls have echoed to every note of  
the gamut,  
Joy with its infinite gladness and woe with its  
dear lamentation;  
Words of hope to the bride and mirthful ripples  
of laughter,  
Words of despair that are wrung from the  
breaking heart of the mourner,  
Bending, shaken with sobs by the side of the  
cavernous coffin—  
Oh, if ye had but a voice, what a poem of pain  
and of passion  
Ye could pour into words, ye walls of the  
homeless city,  
Grim grey walls that remember but never  
reveal the remembrance!  
Or if you tell as others have done of the beauty  
of women,  
Tune the string no more to the note that has  
echoed for ages.  
Long have the poets pictured the lithe-limbed  
languorous maiden,  
One who dreams where myrtles droop in the  
amorous starlight,  
Lulled by the lover's lute and the drowsy plash  
of the fountain;  
One whose passionate eyes and voice that is  
ever caressing



Quicken the pulse of man with the soft shy  
thrill of desire,—  
Far too long has she reigned, this child of  
poetical fancy!  
Ye who seek for applause from a matter-of-fact  
generation  
Follow for once and all the curious cult of the  
Ugly.  
Turn to the bold-faced jig who, cased in folli-  
cular bloomers,  
Straddles the wind-puffed wheel; to the nymphs  
who are loved by the coster,  
Smut-faced factory-girls with voices husky and  
raucous,  
Hair soot-sifted, hands black-nailed and rough-  
ened and warty—  
These be the poet's theme,—and the hot-lipp'd  
hiccougging harlot.  
But if they soothly speak who say in their  
practical fashion,  
"He is the greatest poet who sings to the  
greatest of numbers,"  
(Lo, the norm democratic applied to the things  
of the spirit!)  
Why not pass from out the leading-strings of  
the tyro,  
Straight to the theme that stirs all hearts with  
anticipation,  
Pass to the ultimate reason, the motive-power,  
the mainspring,

On to the First Great Cause of all humanity's  
labours?

Telling of that which holds the keys of Hell  
and of Heaven,

Sets the lips athirst, invokes irresistible power,  
Moves by its magic touch ten million quivering  
spindles,

Scars the incredulous earth with the iron sym-  
bols of progress,

Spans the impetuous river, restrains the thun-  
dering torrent,

Flecks with fleets the tumultuous breast of the  
billyow ocean,

Bids great cities arise in the heart of the dolo-  
rous desert,—

Money the bane and the blessing, Money the  
god and the demon!

Money in all its forms and in all its represen-  
tations—

Gold and silver and bronze and clinking copper  
and nickel:

Eagles and dollars, doubloons and broad satis-  
factory guineas,

Turkish piastres, pesetas and francs and Aus-  
trian florins,

Annas and taels and yen and marks and Mus-  
covite roubles,

Öre and lire and thalers and stuivers and  
drachmas and milreis—

Lakhs of it, stacks of it, piles of it, mounds of  
it, heaps of it, hills of it!  
Ay, and the promise of paper that crisply and  
cunningly crackles,  
Greenish or brown or blue or white or pleas-  
antly purple,  
Packed into neat little squares or rudely rammed  
into bundles,  
Great fat sweltering wads that bulge with an  
opulent bigness.  
Call it by numerous names, transmute it or  
mint it or melt it,  
Still supreme will it sway the world and its  
wallowing millions,  
Still will it master the minds of men while he  
who beholds it  
Sees in its depths whatever responds to the cry  
of his yearning.  
Health to the sick, and ease to the toiler, and  
hope to the hopeless,  
Power and place and favour and fame and glory  
and grandeur  
Come at its beck. It smites the golden portals  
of pleasure,  
Flinging with wanton hand an endless shower  
of roses;  
While in the gleaming goblet the dark red wine  
as it mantles  
Guides the leering eye to a long voluptuous  
vista



Filled with a dusky light and forms that mistily  
floating  
Weave and wind and whisper the words of  
passionate promise,—  
Beautiful eyes that burn, and slim white fingers  
that beckon,  
Twining arms, and lips that lure with lingering  
kisses.

### III.

Ruled there once in the Rome of old an em-  
peror youthful,  
New to the passion of power. His courtiers  
fawningly told him:  
“Lord art thou of all; the earth is thine and its  
peoples.  
Far in the savage North the painted barbarous  
Briton  
Bows when he hears thy name, and the skin-  
clad chiefs of the Getæ  
Sledding the frozen Ister; the swart Numidian  
hunter  
Calls unto thee as a god; in the grim Hyrcanian  
desert,  
Lair of the tawny tiger, the roving Scythian  
nomads  
Tell of thee at night when the camp-fires flame  
in the darkness.  
All are thine, O Cæsar!”

The emperor languidly listened;

Then, at the end, he said: "This tale of all my  
dominions  
Well do I know. Each day men prate and sing  
and recite it,  
Soldiers and senators, sages and crack-brained  
clamorous poets,  
'Tis but a babble of words. Now mark the best  
that I give you:  
Tell me the tale no more, but show me the  
truth of it plainly.  
Have I the power of a god? Mehercle! let me  
behold it.  
Set it before my eyes to know it and see it and  
feel it!"  
Swiftly the word of command sped forth by the  
fleet viatores.  
Then in the Martian Field with a sound of  
clangorous music  
Stood the magnificent host of Rome's imperial  
legions  
Far as the eye could reach, in multitudinous  
columns,  
Rank on rank and troop on troop. Their glit-  
tering standards  
Swayed and tossed and blazed in the glare of  
the pitiless sunlight  
Over the spears; and the plumes of the bronze-  
tipped crest of the helmets  
Foamed like a wintry sea. At the blast of a  
stridulous trumpet,

Rolled the mail-clad torrent in waves of terrible  
splendour  
On with a sweep irresistible, while to the  
clarion shrilling,  
Blent with the stormy swell of the drums and  
the clash of the cymbals,  
Rose a tumultuous shout that smote the face of  
the heavens.  
"AVE, CÆSAR!" it cried—then thundered away  
into silence.

Proudly the emperor gazed on the militant  
march of the legions,  
Gazed with a face that flushed and an eye that  
eagerly kindled.  
"Said we the truth, O Cæsar?" (thus spake a  
senator stately)  
"He who is master of these is master and mon-  
arch unquestioned,  
Ay, and a god upon earth!"

"Not so," said the emperor slowly.  
"Strong is the sword to smite; it tames the  
pride of the valiant,  
Masters and slays and destroys the timorous  
mortals who fear it—  
True; but the stubborn soul will still defy and  
escape it.  
Therefore, away with the legions! for only he  
is a monarch

Seated supreme, who sways the heart and the  
mind of the vassal."

Low in the listening ear of a slave spake one  
of the præfects  
Hoary with age and versed in the lore that ex-  
perience teaches.  
Soon from the stately ærarium started a file of  
attendants  
Wending a devious way to the gates of the em-  
peror's palace,  
Each on his shoulder a casket bearing.

"Come," said the præfect;  
"Come, O Cæsar, and learn at last thy limitless  
power!"

Swiftly he led the way to a marble hall of the  
palace,  
Bidding the emperor stand in a gallery swung  
from the ceiling.  
Then in an endless procession the slaves with  
their ponderous caskets  
Entered and entering paused and each his won-  
derful burden  
Poured on the tessellate floor—a flood of glit-  
tering money,  
Tribute of East and of West; great héaps of  
darics and drachmas,  
Staters and aurei, all of them blended in pre-  
cious confusion,—

Rivers of silver and gushes of gold and pallid  
electrum,  
Bursting in torrents that tinkled and splashed  
on the face of the marble.  
Higher and higher and higher the tide of the  
magical metal  
Swelled like a sea till it touched the feet of the  
wondering Cæsar.  
Over its gleaming depths he hung with a fierce  
fascination,  
Pale to a ghastly white as he glared with a  
terrible wildness,  
Till of a sudden he turned and rent his gar-  
ments of purple,  
Tearing with frantic fingers the last few shreds  
from his shoulders,  
Stood for an instant stripped in the pose of a  
powerful swimmer,—  
Then with the howl of a wolf he leaped in the  
air and descending  
Down, down, down he plunged in the ocean of  
gold and of silver!  
There in the glittering heap he rolled and wal-  
lowed and tumbled  
Filled with a marvellous madness, a terrible joy  
of possession,  
Thrusting his naked legs deep down in the  
aureous billows,  
Till, when he felt at last the myriad pieces  
about him

Slithering down his back, he clutched them and  
greedily kissed them,  
Gnawed them and bit them and licked them  
and snarled like an amorous jackal,  
Crying aloud the while in a voice all gasping  
and broken  
One great shuddering cry with a note of mani-  
acal laughter—  
“Money! Money! Money! now am I monarch  
and master!”

#### IV.

Money the god—it is lord of the lords of the  
earth and the rulers.  
See the anointed king who wields the sword of  
his people,  
Eager to hurl irresistible on in the path of de-  
struction  
Armies and fleets; yet he falters and looks to a  
mightier monarch,  
Looks to the Master of Money—then leaves  
the command unspoken.  
Stilling the trumpet-call, he checks the im-  
petuous legions,  
Seals the sullen lips of the cannon stricken with  
silence,  
Yields to the prince of the purse and reigns as  
he who was monarch  
Once by the grace of God, but now by the  
grace of the banker!

Money the bane—in the hand of the base-born  
merciless tyrant,  
Oh, how it blights and blackens and scars the  
pure and the perfect!  
Masters the honour of man and the vaunted  
virtue of woman,  
Sears with the brand of shame the human heart  
and the conscience,  
Laying an impious grasp on the shrine and the  
consecrate altar.  
Lo, the smooth-faced priest as he stands in the  
perch of his pulpit,  
Fraught with a message of wrath, surveying the  
great congregation.  
Soon, as he looks, he beholds in the midst of  
the people expectant,  
Squat like a venomous toad, alert like a hideous  
spider,  
One of a fearful fame who, armed with invin-  
cible millions,  
Wrings from the hand of toil the fruit of its  
burdensome labour,  
Coins from the blood of the poor the price of  
their bitter undoing,  
Hears with a grin of content the mournful cry  
of the orphan,  
While with a tainting touch he fouls the foun-  
tain of Justice,  
Buying and selling and slaying the souls of men  
with his money.

Him beholding, the priest perceives the auriferous halo

Round that ophidian head and his voice momentarily falters.

Then his message of wrath he diverts to the sinners of Judah:

Boldly he bans old Balaam and tells the truth about Ahab,

Fearless of speech, and he lashes the lust of adulterous David;

But of the sins of the reptile before him complacently basking

Never a word does he say; and his voice with its unctuous accents

Oozes with oil as he ends in a bland benedictory manner,

Quenching the lightnings of God in a platitudinous puddle!

Money the blessing—it yields in the hand of the generous giver

Fruits of a bounty divine to the heart that is fainting and weary.

Touched by the finger of Love, it rises a spirit celestial

Strong to protect and to save with its shield of omnipotent power.

Deep in the dreary abode where poverty broods and oppresses



Grisly and gaunt, there crouches a figure grimly  
despairing;  
One who has fought and fallen in Life's un-  
 pitying struggle,  
One who is beaten and baffled and worn and  
weary and wounded.  
Close to his side, uplifting a face of mute sup-  
plication  
Pinched and pale and pathetic, a child is silently  
nestling,  
Uttering never a word with the lips that  
tremble and quiver;  
Only the wondering eyes and the look of pitiful  
pleading  
Burden that sinking soul with a terrible anguish  
of yearning,  
While in the gathering gloom and the chill of  
the deepening darkness  
Faintly a poor little voice, like the distant echo  
of wailing,  
Cries with the long low cry that rends the  
heart of the mother.  
Then to the mansion of woe speeds swiftly the  
message of Mercy  
Bearing the wand of gold that stills the cry of  
the helpless.  
Soon through the dismal dusk and the long dark  
shroud of the shadow  
Runs a ripple of light like the radiant wing of  
an angel

Where in a luminous mist on the verge of the  
sorrowful threshold  
Standeth a beautiful Form as of old in the  
house of Admetus,  
Bidding the spectre avault. It speaks, and the  
desolate hearthstone  
Shines with a roseate glow; and the note of in-  
finite wailing  
Sinks to a coo of content as it welcomes the  
warmth of the firelight.  
Peace and Plenty are there; and Hope with its  
vision of promise  
Brightens the sunken eyes. A sea of scintillant  
splendour  
Pours like a flaming flood its tide of limitless  
bounty;  
Till in the lustrous light, transfigured, the walls  
of the hovel  
Gleam with the glory divine of the shimmering  
portals of Heaven !

V.

This be a theme for him who sings to the Men  
of the Present,  
Sings to the Utilitarians, sings to the Makers  
of Money.

EPIC 17 18

